

## 2 ♦ Poetry

**Maxilopolis**

Sam Walder

Sunday hitchhiked to Friday  
Passed through Chicago, admired the  
Sears Tower, its head lopped off  
Dreamed and wagged its tail, then  
Galloped back home

What a vacation! I saw Sunday  
Eating a cronut around Millennium Park.  
“Hey, lazy bum! What are you taking a break from?  
You get to lie around doing nothing forever”

Sunday stared at me, mouth full of croissant flakes  
“What work have you ever done?  
What trees have you sawed?  
What goods have you sold?  
Fish caught,  
Floors mopped,  
Cities built?  
You’re as lazy as a loon,  
With a tenth the voice”

I sat down and stared at my shoes for a while then  
Stared at other people so I seemed normal then  
Stared at buildings so I seemed normal

I’d like to live in Sunday—no,  
Give me a life full of Wednesdays  
Where I can work and sacrifice for something real  
As long as I can—  
Everyone needs their Sundays.  
No,  
If I could plant my brain in infertile soil  
Sprinkle it with my blood  
So cities can sprout,  
Tear me apart, surgeon!

And now I can’t stop holding my head in my hands.  
Seriously, I’m okay, I’m  
At the age where I can still spell-check my typos.

Sunday hitchhiked to Friday,  
And it couldn’t get back again